All the stories in this comic book is true and happen to me as a Pastor of a small church in 442 W Susquehanna ave in Philadephia Pa , There are alot more stories that are written here which I could tell you about my life but these few was selected to show what dangers some pastors face whether inside the pulpit or outside and how they effect us on a daily life including mentally.

After taking over my father's abandoned house, I transformed it into a church. My father had opposed my decision to pastor and wanted to sell the property, which prompted me to move in and prevent that from happening. Following his passing, the building became mine.

The Pastor's father owned the building. He wanted to sell it to the bar owner.
This isn't a career, it's a waste of prime real estate!
BAR
He didn't want him pastoring there.
To save the building from being sold, the Pastor moved inside.
Living in the house of God to keep its doors open for the people.
BY HARRIS KAKOULIDES

The Wedding I Could Not Perform

There were moments when I felt compelled to refuse performing weddings—two occasions stand out starkly. The first involved a couple with a staggering age difference of at least 50 years. It felt wrong, almost predatory. The second was even more troubling: a union born not of love, but of convenience, as one partner was an undocumented migrant seeking a way to stay in the country. It was a painful decision, but I knew it wasn't genuine.

He came with a request that tested my consicence.
She was fifty years younger than him.
Then came a request that sat heavy on my soul.
I'm sorry, but I can't perform this wedding. The age difference is too much.
I had to speak the difficult truth.

I was not going to sell my church to expand a bar next door.

The bar owner offered to buy the building, looking to expand.
CHURCH SIGN
The church is not for sale.
In retaliation, he filled our trash with his bar's waste.
I received a heavy fine for the mess. Another struggle in a long season.
FINES APPLY
A Life as a Pastor Series

Kicked out a number of people, while having the church in 442 w Susquehanna Ave who came to my church for the purpose of selling. The Bible is clear God's house is not a market place.

And He said to those who sold doves, "Take these things away! Do not make My Father's house a house of merchandise!" (John 2:16 NKJV)

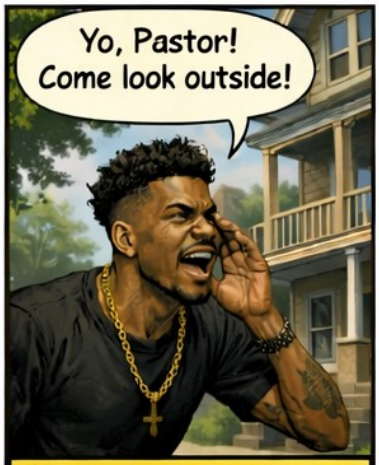
One of my most poignant memories is officiating the wedding of a lovely young couple, a moment filled with hope. However, not all experiences were uplifting. I faced threats to my safety and the safety of my congregation. Once, a man offended by one of my sermons plotted to burn my church down with me inside it. Miraculously, as he prepared to pour gasoline, he suffered a heart attack. I was able to call an ambulance, and I accompanied him to the hospital, an experience both terrifying and surreal.

1. THE CHURCH THAT ALMOST BURNED DOWN
One of the darkest nights of pastoring. A man was so offended by my sermon, he plotted to burn my church down with me inside.
He bought gasoline and came that night, determined to end everything.
GASOLINE
He poured the gasoline all over the church... I was inside.
But just as he was about to light it... he collapsed.

I ran out, called 911, and stayed with him.
YES, THERE'S A MAN DOWN... I THINK HE'S HAVING A HEART ATTACK. SEND AN AMBULANCE!
I went with him to the hospital. He survived that night. Grace isn't only for those who love us.
MED
Even our enemies are someone God can save.

There is a moment that Drug dealers try to Kill me with a football or atleast smash my face with one , one day a drug dealer call me to look outside my window only with the intension of smashing my face with a football . As I look to see what he wanted he throws the ball with all his might but I moved without knowing what was happening and the ball miss me.

THE DAY THE STREET SPOKE LOUDER THAN WORDS



THIS WAS NO ORDINARY 🔥 MOMENT—IT WAS A REAL SHOUT FROM A DAY THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING.'

HE OPENED THAT WINDOW WITH CALM... NEVER IMAGIINING WHAT WAS ABOUT TO FOLLOW.'

THE GLASS SHOOK WITH THE FORCE OF A MISSED AIM —

There were heartbreaking moments that tested my resolve. Teenagers confided in us about their abusive stepfather, prompting me to accompany the police to investigate. Despite clear signs of her abuse, the mother denied it, and the police could not intervene. Then one day she came to church , I ask her if she wanted to recieve Jesus as her Lord and Saviour and she said no but she would continue coming to church , then she told me after service she broke up with her husband , I told her not to go home that night but she said no , that everything was to be alright , not to worry she was safe . Then she left .Tragically at 4 am her husband came through the window and stabbed her over 30 times , not long after in the morning, I received the devastating news that she had been killed by her partner. I was left to comfort her children, one of whom arrived at my door with stitches on her neck, crying out, “Mommy is dead, she got stabbed to death by my stepdad.” In the aftermath of this tragedy, I was overwhelmed by the blood-stained remnants of violence that filled the home. One daughter lost her grip on reality, alternating between uncontrollable laughter and tears, while one of the sons suffered a severe injury. By God’s grace, we were able to raise funds for the mother’s funeral from the community, a testament to the support and love that still existed despite the horror.

2. “MOMMY IS DEAD”

I came with the law, based on the children's plea.
He didn't do anything, Pastor! It was just a fall.
But fear is a powerful silencer.
Despite the evidence, she denied everything.
I just fell, okay? Please, just leave.
I had to walk away, but I couldn't ignore the truth.
There's nothing we can do, Pastor, without her word.
BY MARRIS KAKOLLIDES

Sister, would you like to receive Christ as your Savior and Lord today?
No... no, not today.
But I'll keep coming to church.

I finally left him.
I left my husband
Don't go home tonight.
Stay somewhere safe.
Don't worry.
Everything will
be Safe

Not long after, I received a call no parent should get.
PASTOR... MOMMY IS DEAD... SHE GOT STABBED TO DEATH BY MY STEPDAD...
I held them. I had no answers. Just tears and prayer.
When I arrived at the house... blood-stained remnants of violence filled the home.
One daughter alternated between uncontrollable laughter and tears...
... while one of the sons suffered a severe injury.

As the murder was fleeing to Puerto Rico , he made the mistake of calling his brother who called the cops on him , telling them where he was at and was arrested before he could get in the airplane.

Even in tragedy, the love of Christ was seen through His people.

Another profound disappointment came when a woman with children approached me for help, claiming she had no money for groceries. After generously providing her with funds, we discovered her fridge was stocked full of beer instead—a painful betrayal that left me questioning my judgment and the sincerity of those we aimed to help.

3. THE FRIDGE FULL OF BEER

A woman with children came to me one day. She said she had no money for groceries. My heart went out to them.
PASTOR, I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY FOR FOOD. CAN YOU HELP US?
I gave her money so she could buy food.
A few days later, I stopped by to see how they were doing.
JUST MAKING SURE YOU HAVE EVERYTHING YOU NEED.
YES, WE'RE FINE. THANK YOU, PASTOR.

Not everyone will be honest. But love isn't about getting something back—
it's about obeying God, no matter the cost.

The Pastor found love and married a woman who shared his heart for the ministry.
And as long as he lived there, his father couldn't sell the building.
I'll give you $10,000 to divorce him and walk away. Right now.
If you don't leave him, I'll send someone to make sure you never the chance again.
A father's greed turned into a deadly ultimatum.
BY HARRIS KAKOULIDES

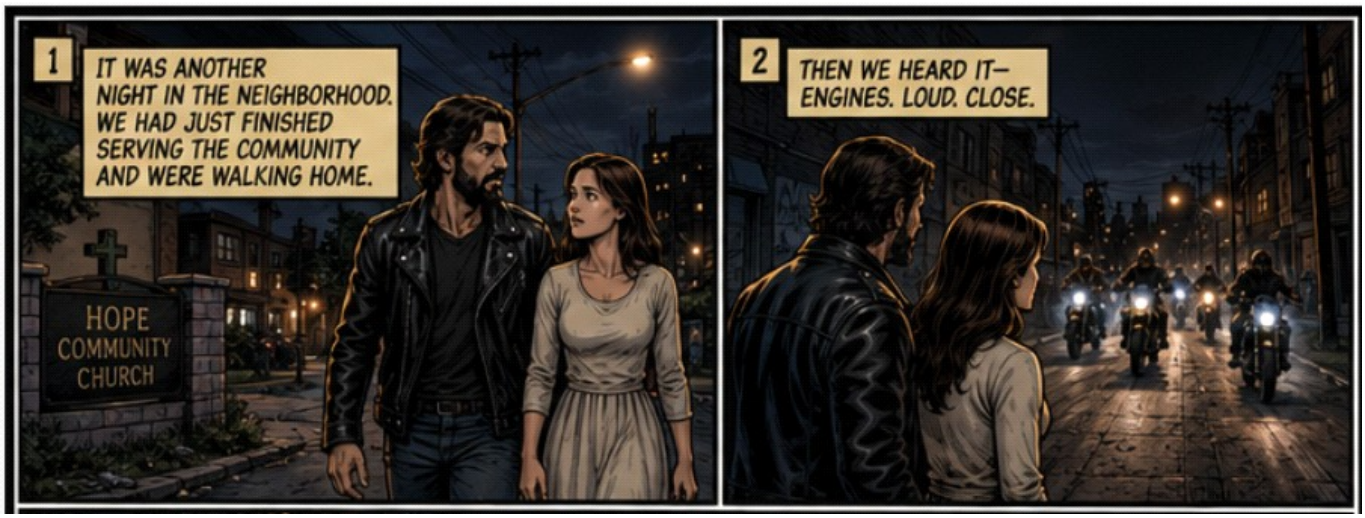
Our church faced additional struggles when the bar owner next door vandalized one of our member's car during service. This left me feeling as though nothing would go right in our ministry, leading to deep-seated feelings of failure and fear for my congregation's safety. Nonetheless, I persevered, driven by a calling that I felt compelled to fulfill, even as I grappled with the silence of God in the midst of turmoil. Despite the difficulties, there were breakthroughs. The nephew of the bar owner, a Muslim, became a Christian after spending time with us, and his son was presented to the Lord in our church. This joy was often overshadowed by the financial strain of fines incurred due to the bar patrons leaving their bottles in our trash, which put further pressure on our already limited resources.

The bar owner continued his acts of quiet vandalism. But the real story wasn't his anger.
I won't let his anger dictate my peace.
This was the nephew of the bar owner, whose heart was beginning to change.
We've been waiting for you.
A life transformed: the bar owner's nephew finds a new home.
BY HARRIS KAKOULIDES

The Drug Dealers on the Church Steps

Then there was the day two armed drug dealers confronted my late wife and me. They were brazenly selling drugs on our church's steps. In a moment of desperation, I lifted my Bible and began to rebuke them. To my astonishment, I witnessed a transformation. One fled in fear, while the other broke down in tears, apologizing for his actions. It felt surreal—like a scene from a movie, a reminder that miracles do happen.

THE DEALERS WERE BACK. RIGHT ON OUR CHURCH STEPS.
HOPE COMMUNITY CHURCH
ALL ARE WELCOME
I COULDN'T JUST IGNORE IT. THIS WASN'T THEIR CORNER. THIS WAS THE LORD'S HOUSE.
LET'S GO TALK TO THEM.
BROTHERS, THIS IS A CHURCH. YOU CAN'T BE OUT HERE SELLING DRUGS.
MAN, THIS AIN'T NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS. WE'LL GO WHEN WE READY.
THEY THOUGHT WE WERE JUST ANOTHER COUPLE WHO WAS GONNA WALK AWAY.
THIS ISN'T ABOUT US. THIS IS ABOUT YOUR SOULS. JESUS DIED FOR YOU TOO.
HOLY BIBLE
I WASN'T THERE TO FIGHT. I WAS THERE TO SAVE.
ONE RAN AWAY.
THE OTHER BROKE DOWN IN TEARS.
THAT DAY, THE CHURCH STEPS WERE A PULPIT.


1
IT WAS ANOTHER NIGHT IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. WE HAD JUST FINISHED SERVING THE COMMUNITY AND WERE WALKING HOME.
HOPE COMMUNITY CHURCH
2
THEN WE HEARD IT— ENGINES. LOUD. CLOSE.

3
SUDDENLY, 8 TO 10 MOTORCYCLES SURROUNDED US. THEY REVVED THEIR ENGINES, LAUGHING, SHOUTING, THREATENING.

Eight... maybe ten of them circled around us. Reving their engines. Laughing. Looking for someone to run down.
Y'ALL DEAD TONIGHT!
One of them suddenly accelerated straight toward us.

5
FEAR GRIPPED ME. I FROZE.
6
THEN MY WIFE SNAPPED ME OUT OF IT.
HARRIS! MOVE!

7
THE FIRST ONE MISSED US BY INCHES.
8
THEN ANOTHER ONE CAME AROUND...

Over and over, they took turns trying to take us out.
Each time, we barely escaped.

Finally, when they realized they couldn't get us, they roared off into the night.
Silence. Our hearts were still racing.
That night I saw both God's protection and my own frailty.
I wasn't fearless. I froze. God used my wife to save my life.
Courage isn't the absence of fear—sometimes it's simply taking the next step after someone you love reminds you to move.

PASTOR'S MENTAL HEALTH – STORIES FROM HARRIS KAKOULIDES

Volume 2

More Stories that happen to me as a Pastor from a other location this time in a House Church in 3004 Ruth St Philadephia Pa . After the death of my wife to cancer, I resumed my calling as a pastor.

While I never led a mega church, my time shepherding a small congregation was filled with profound challenges that weighed heavily on my mental and emotional well-being. I witnessed tragedies that could leave a lasting impact on anyone's psyche, including the horrifying incident of a man being set on fire by a group of drug dealers. In the Kensington area of Philadelphia, reaching out to law enforcement during the COVID pandemic often felt like calling a disconnected number—either no one answered, or there were excuses for why help couldn't arrive.

As I looked outside my window while living in the kensington area of Ruth street I saw a man being set by fire by a group of drug dealers as I called the cops it was usless in the time of Covid , the phone rang and rang but no one picked up. The man ran while on flames and the cops never answered that day. The Image of seeing this reminded me of how human depravity is real and the scars it leaves behind are deadly.

A PASTOR'S MENTAL HEALTH
STORIES FROM A SMALL CHURCH
Some moments change your life forever.
I watched the river carry away the woman I loved.
I'll see you again... but not today.
I left the river alone.
I didn't know that grief would become my constant companion.
1

"Hello?! Is anyone there? We need assistance on Ruth St! ...Hello??"
Reaching out for help, but the line was silent. They just wouldn't arrive.

The Man with the Machete

July 15, 2021

At 11 PM, I felt a strong prompting from the Lord to open my door, but I found myself arguing against it. When I finally opened the door, I was confronted by a man wielding a machete. Despite my fear, I heard that inner voice urging me to invite him in and offer him something to eat. The thought seemed absurd—this man could harm me—but I chose to listen. I asked him, "Hey buddy, are you hungry? Do you want something to eat?" He replied, "I'm starving." As I fed him, I shared the gospel, and he accepted Christ. Afterward, he checked into a rehab facility. The next morning, his ex-girlfriend, outraged by his change, left a large pile of human feces on my steps.

CHAPTER 6

THE MAN AT THE DOOR

JULY 15, 2021

A pastor alone...
A knock at 11 PM...
A man carrying a machete...
One decision that changed two lives forever.

7
Then came another prompting...
"Invite him in. Love him."
8
So I asked.
Hey buddy... are you hungry? Do you want something to eat?
9
He replied...
I'm starving.
10
I fed him.
And I shared the gospel.
11
He accepted Christ.
Jesus... forgive me.
12
Soon afterward, he checked himself into a rehabilitation program.
NEW BEGINNINGS
RECOVERY CENTER

The next morning, his ex-girlfriend, outraged by his change, left a large pile of human feces on my steps.
Not every victory looks beautiful.
But obedience is never wasted.
The enemy doesn't celebrate transformed lives—
but heaven does.

1
HE WENT TO BED WEARY AND BROKEN...
2
IN HIS DREAM, HIS WIFE CAME TO HIM.

3
SHE HUGGED HIM. SHE KISSED HIM.

4
BUT THEN HE REALIZED...
YOU ARE NOT MY WIFE...
BUT A DEMON.
5
HER BEAUTY TWISTED.

6
SINCE TO BE ABSENT FROM THE BODY IS TO BE PRESENT WITH THE LORD.
2 CORINTHIANS 5:8

7
HE CALLED ON THE NAME OF JESUS!
JESUS! JESUS! JESUS!

8
BUT HE COULDN'T WAKE UP!
JESUS! JESUS!

9
HE KEPT CALLING...
HE KEPT FIGHTING...
JESUS!
JESUS!
JESUS!
10
THEN THE PHONE RANG...
AND HE WOKE UP.
RING!
RING!

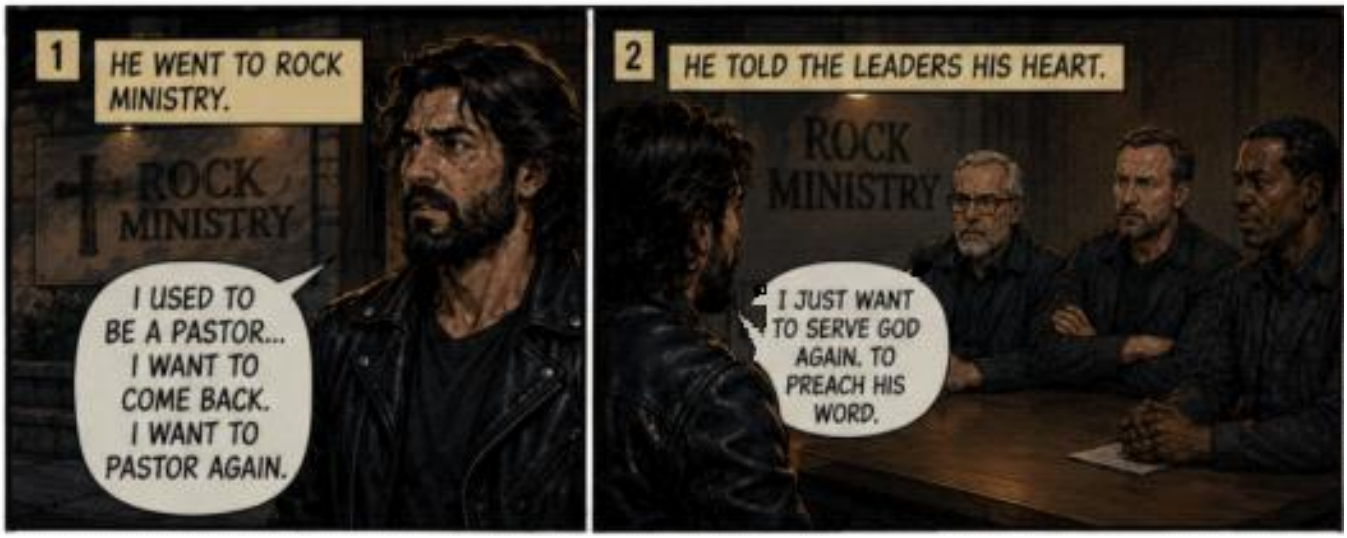
Three weeks following my wife's death, She died March 2, 2021 I took a volunteer job as a community chaplain at Rock Ministry which church I also attended for a while in Kensington — the worse part of Philadelphia, PA. On the job, I prayed for addicts and spoke to them a little about Jesus. I also fed them and waited for the AR2 unit to take them to detox. One day, a mother came to me. She had travelled from Pittsburgh, which is about four and half hours from Philadelphia, and she carried with her a photograph of her son who was missing. He was around nineteen or perhaps twenty years old, and she said that he'd been missing for a month and had last been seen in the Kensington area. I told her that I would help and go out looking for him after work, which I did. A couple of nights previously, a body had been found outside a nearby pharmacy parking lot, cut into pieces. The night before that, a woman had been strangled to death in the same area. I was keen to finding the missing man before anything bad happened to him, so, feeling like a detective, I searched for him during my lunch breaks too. I asked known addicts and dealers if they'd seen him; none had. The first place I went was McPherson Park which the drug addicts call it needle Park but us pastors calls it Prayer Park. The Mayor of Philadelphia does not care for the Kensington part of Philadelphia. A couple of women said he looked cute. Someone did say that he might have been at AA, so I went there, but no one had seen him. I spoke to poor souls with the needle in the vein and others who said they'd tie him up if they found him and then let me know.

Someone else said they thought they'd seen him, but his face was torn up, and he had red marks across his body like he was in bad shape. I couldn't give up, but I was tired and needed a rest. I called his mother, and I told her I was going to take an hour's break or two. It was the time of Covid, but in Kensington, nobody, including me, really wore a mask. So as I went home and was about to open the door, I saw a guy walking in front of my house.

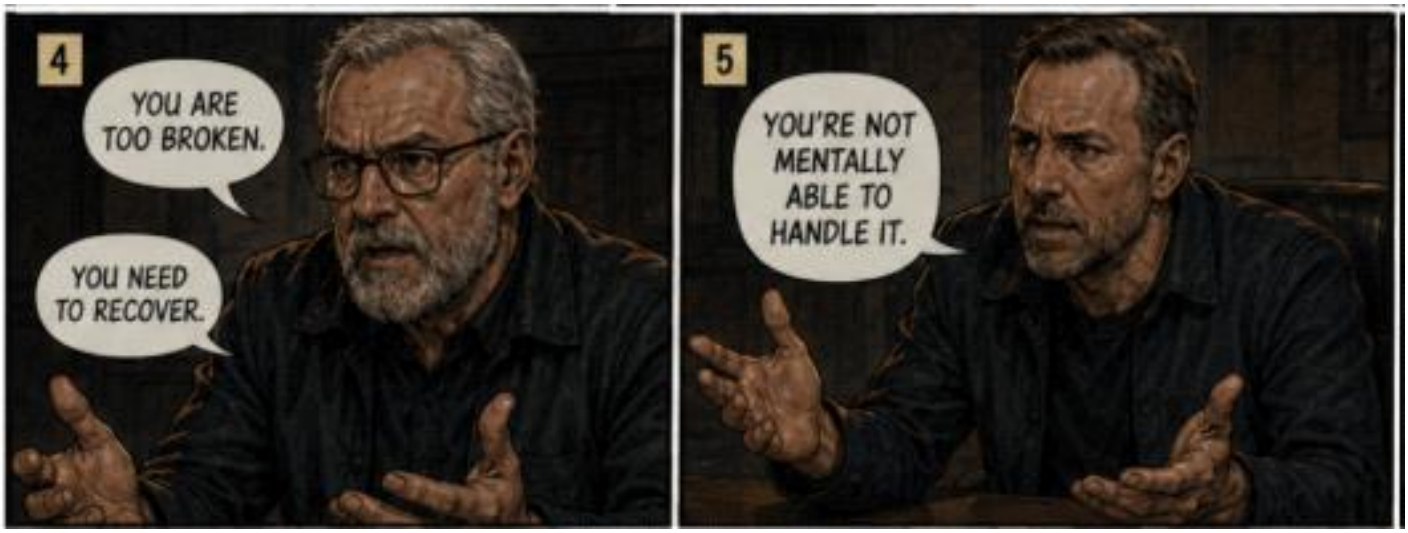
I decided to take a chance and show him the photograph, although I felt it was a long shot. I was probably wasting my time. But the guy also looked busted up with marks on his arms, so I thought he might be an addict and just might have seen our missing man. So I said, "Hey buddy, have you seen this guy?" "He said, 'that's me." So I called his mother, and she was so happy, she fell into tears. If I only knew the Lord was going to bring him in front of my house, I would not have walked for about three or four hours looking for him. But the Lord has his ways that are far beyond our understanding. After this event I cought Covid and was sick for 10 days , getting a fever of 104 to 105 the first day but it was wroth it. After my recovery I went looking for a other missing person this time hiting the streets at 5 am , interviewing many addicts but couldn't find the missing man.

After my wife's death,
I started visting Rock Ministry
ROCK' MINISTRY
KENSINGTON
As a volunteer chaplain,
I helped the lost and broken.
My son has been missing a mouth... month!
I'll search by find him!
BODY FOUND DISMEMBERED
WOMAN STRANGLED IN IN KENSINGTON
I searched the streets of Kensington.
I need a break...
I'm so exhausted...
I'm so exhausted...

Hey... have you seen this guy?
That's. me.
I found him! Your son is alive!
caught COVID and was sick for days...
Oh, thank God!
104


1
HE WENT TO ROCK MINISTRY.
ROCK MINISTRY
I USED TO BE A PASTOR... I WANT TO COME BACK. I WANT TO PASTOR AGAIN.
2
HE TOLD THE LEADERS HIS HEART.
ROCK MINISTRY
I JUST WANT TO SERVE GOD AGAIN. TO PREACH HIS WORD.

3
THE LEADERS GAVE HIM THEIR ANSWER.
GOD WON'T USE YOU.


4
YOU ARE TOO BROKEN.
YOU NEED TO RECOVER.
5
YOU'RE NOT MENTALLY ABLE TO HANDLE IT.

6
THEIR WORDS CUT DEEP...
SO THIS IS WHAT THEY THINK OF ME NOW.

7
BUT HE DECIDED IN HIS HEART.
I WON'T LET THEIR WORDS DETERMINE MY CALLING.
GOD CALLED ME. NOT THEM.

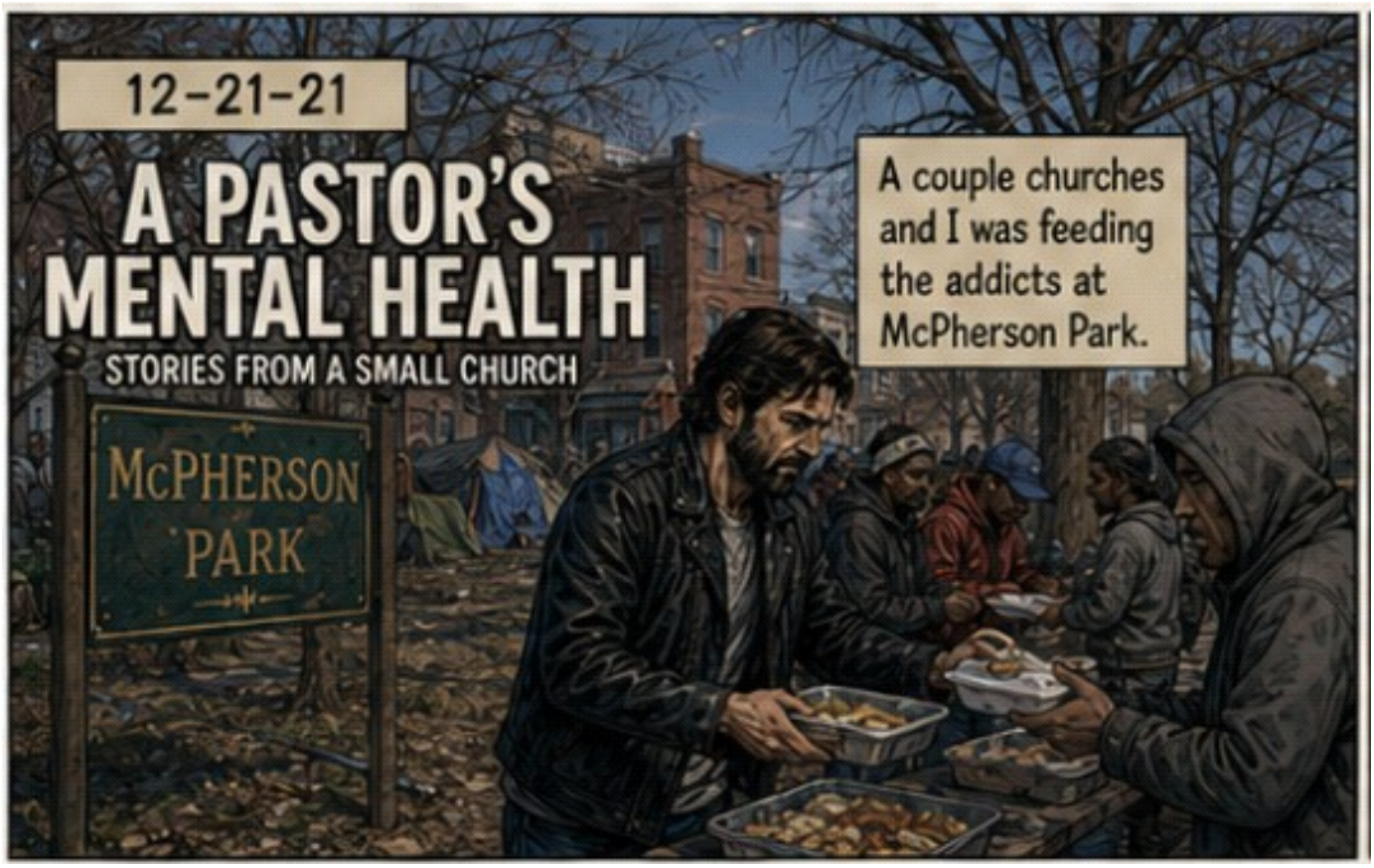
8-30-21
Drug dealer trys to run me over with his motorcycle in front of my house.
VROOMMM!
HAHAHA!
I couldn't move due to fear...
But when I look at him I see him laughing...
...and he then rode off.
Same guy gets gun down few weeks later.
Violence always leaves another broken family behind.
2

10-20-21
Addict call me as I was walking from a distance.
PASTOR!
I thought he was going to ask me for money so I pretended I didn't hear him.
Then he said pastor, my heart broke and couldn't avoid him so I went to him.
I knew who he was, his face was smashed, couple of his teeth was missing, had no shoes and was shaking.
I gave him my hoodie, he told me he was mugged and was hungry.
They jumped me...
So I took him somewhere to eat for we was at a distance from my house church.
3

12-15-21
This I had totally forgotten but I remember just now.
KENSINGTON AV
INDIANA AV
McPHERSON SQUARE
In Kensington and Indiana, across the street from McPherson Park.
Found a elderly man around 90 years old, on the floor couldn't move, shirt was stains with blood.
Called ambulance...
Yes, there's an elderly man down. He's bleeding. Send help to Kensington and Indiana, across from McPherson Park.
...and stood with him till they came and got him.
Some moments stay with you forever.
4

8-24-21
A PASTOR'S MENTAL HEALTH
STORIES FROM A SMALL CHURCH
McPHERSON SQUARE
Saw a man with a red coat who told me...
Pastor, wait for me 5 minutes. I'm going to turn myself in for detox.
Waited for him the 5 minutes.
5:00
The man never showed up.

So I went to look for the man with the red coat...
...who told me he was going to go to rehab.
I found one...
Yeah Pastor, I'm going to rehab today.
...he was going to rehab.
I found two...
I checked myself in this morning.
...he was going to rehab.
I found three...
I'm starting a new life, Pastor.
...he was going to rehab.
I found four...
They took care of me at the rehab center.
...she was going to rehab.
But the one who promised he would turn himself in... I never found him.
Four found hope. One got away. That's the reality of this place...
But I'll never stop looking for the ones who are still lost.


12-21-21
A PASTOR'S MENTAL HEALTH
STORIES FROM A SMALL CHURCH
McPHERSON PARK
A couple churches and I was feeding the addicts at McPherson Park.

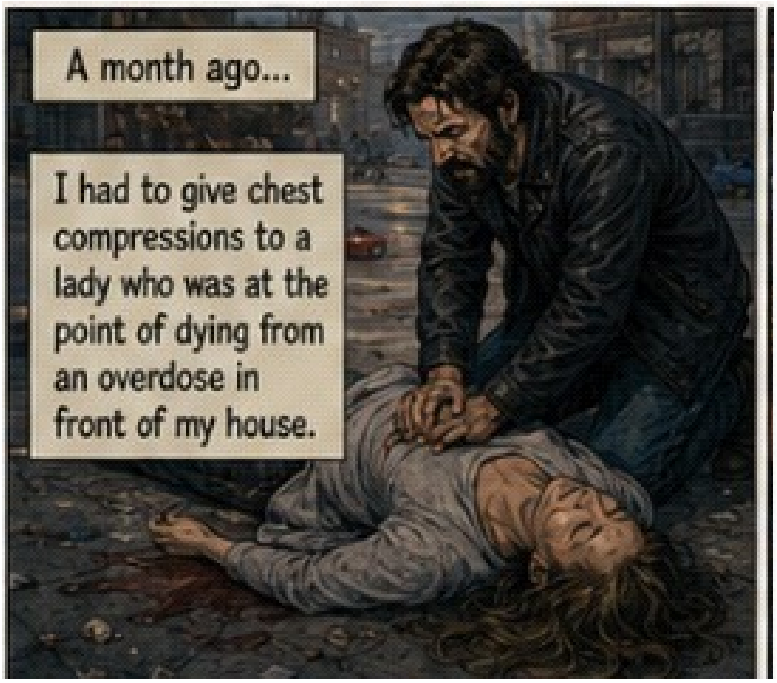
We was kicked out from McPherson Park.
You have to leave. You can't feed people here.
PARK RULES

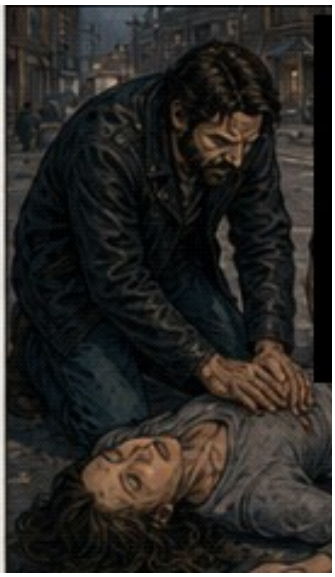
Sad when churches kicked out for feeding the addicts but drug dealers are not for selling drugs.

We went to Kensington and Allegheny.
KENSINGTON AV
ALLEGHENY AV
You only have 10 minutes to feed.

We stood an hour and a half. Praise the Lord.
1:30
One of the addicts told me something I'll never forget.
If I'm using drugs, I can get housing faster than if I'm not.
Because of the application I have to sign in the shelter.

1-6-22
Three Drug dealers got shot down just steps away from my rented house and house church.
STOP
1
2
3
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROS


A month ago...
I had to give chest compressions to a lady who was at the point of dying from an overdose in front of my house.



Where is the Mayor?
But doing nothing about Kensington.

Lord, how long must we cry out for help?